Cheapſides Triumphs, and Chyrones Croſſes Lamentation.

To the tune of the Building.

SEe the guilding
Of Cheapſides famous building
the glorious Croſſe,
Trimd vp moſt fairly,
With gold moſt rarely,
refin'd from droſſe:
A pleaſing proſpect to all beholders,
that ſhall but view it,
and lately knew it
Defac'd of beauty,
but now a ſumptuous thing:
Whoſe praiſe and wonder
Fame abroad doth ring.

Trickt moſt neatly
With coſt compleatly
adorn'd moſt rare,
Whoſe ſhining beauty,
Shewes the Cities duty
and tender care:
To preſerue their rich & ſumptuous (buildings,
in ſtately manner,
ſuch coſt vpon her
they beſtow with honour,
Such is the loue they beare
which now is ſeene
By Cheapſide glittering faire.

The Croſſe there placed,
Is now much graced,
that it may be knowne,
How well the Citie,
With care and pitie,
reſpects her owne:
Braue Citizens of worthy London,
ſuch loue they owe it,
and now they ſhow it,
freely beſtow it
Vpon their City faire,
with Cheapſide Croſſe
There's none can make compare.

Search England oner,
From hence to Douer,
and ſo about,
The like to Cheapſide,
Faire Londons chiefe pride,
you'l not find out:
Newly beautifi'd moſt neat and fairly,
all may admire,
and ſtill deſire,
to gaze vp higher,
To ſee the glorious ſtate
of this rare building,
Rais'd vp very late.

O ſight moſt bleſſed,
To ſee Cheapſide dreſſed,
in ſtately manner:
May you perſeuer
In loue for euer,
tis for your honor,
To ſee your Croſſe excell in ſhining
all Croſſes elſewhere,
to this comes not neere,
now trimmed moſt rare:
And glorious to behold,
whoſe ſhining brauery
Glitereth all of gold.

This golden ſplendor
Makes all men wonder,
to ſee Cheapſide:
In ſumptuous manner,
For Londons honor,
and ſtate beſide:
Put downe faire Oxfordſhires chiefe (beauty
Abingtons faire Croſſe
was neuer grac't thus,
as is bright Cheaps Croſſe,
Now ſhining faire and bright,
whoſe excellent ſplendor
Giues the city light.

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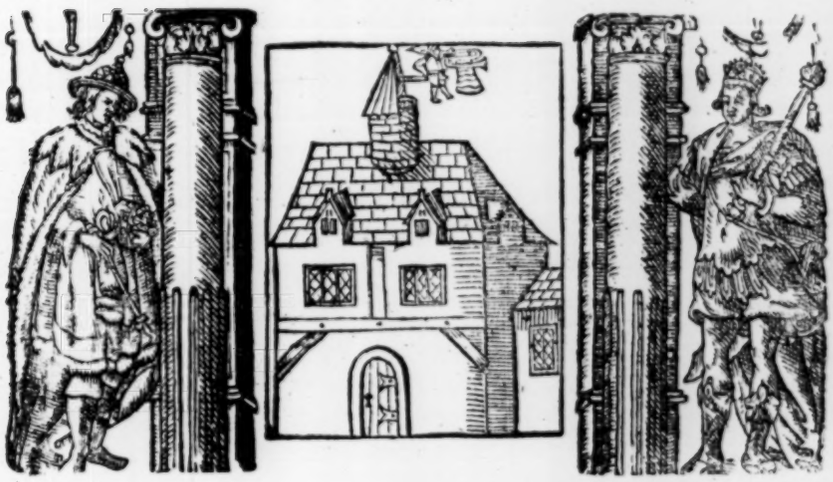
The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



KInd friends pray turne ye,
With griefe now mourne ye,
to behold and ſée
An ancient building
Now downwards yeelding,
ah woe is me:
The proverb here is verified truly,
old things are worth nought,
but that's a bad thought,
for to forget ought
Once eſteemed deare,
But yet alaſſe
Too true appeares.

In lamentation,
I make my ſupplication
to great and ſmall,
That erſt have view'd me,
And now peruſe me,
then iudge withall,
That ancient things in theſe dayes are more is the pity
that ſuch a city,
ſo wiſe and witty,
Should not regard their fame,
cenſure aright,
Then tell me where's the blame.

I long have ſtood here,
Many bad and good yeare,
pining away,
Expecting ever,
But I feare never
to ſee the day (manner'd,
Wherein my ſtate againe ſhall be ad-
and all things made good,
of ſtone or elſe wood,
where I have long ſtood,
Expecting every day
I ſhould be once againe
Made neat and gay.

Thou wert a deare one,
To noble Chyron,
that plac't me here,
My firſt ſupporter
Of ſtone and morter,
was ſeated rare:
But now you ſée my top is downward bending
my ſtate is reeling,
none haſtning
to my appealing,
That now in ſad diſtreſſe
to court and city
My ſad woes doe expreſſe.

Some honeſt Courtier
Be my Supporter,
I now intreate,
Some Lord or Barrone,
Pitty old Chyrone,
ere it be too late,
For now my ſtate you ſée is down declining
my ancient building,
is downward yeelding,
In woefull manner
I waile my wretched ſtate,
Oh pity ſoone, for feare it be too late,

In time I crave it,
And faine would have it,
for mercies ſake,
Take thou ſome pitie,
Faire London Citie,
my foundation make,
Aged Pauls and I may waile together
and pray to heaven
all may be ſaven,
and gifts be given
By charitable men,
to beautifie
Our buildings faire agen.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coules, at the vpper end of the Old Baily.